



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

SUPPORT UNDER SUFFERING

BY

REV. T. FURLONG.

10. m.

140.



600080984Z



•

•

•

SUPPORT UNDER SUFFERING;

OR,

LETTERS TO A YOUNG RELATIVE.

WITH A SHORT SKETCH OF HER LIFE.



SUPPORT UNDER SUFFERING;

OR,

LETTERS TO A YOUNG RELATIVE.

WITH A SHORT SKETCH OF HER LIFE.

BY

THE REV. THOMAS FURLONG, M.A.,

OF TUNBRIDGE WELLS.



LONDON:

WERTHEIM AND MACINTOSH,

24, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1855.



PREFACE.

It may be asked "Why are these letters published?" the answer is, they are printed at the request of her to whom they were addressed. The reason she gave for this, her dying injunction, was, "Perhaps some other afflicted child of God might derive that *support under suffering* from some of them which she herself had experienced." With this view therefore, and this alone, they are presented to the afflicted and suffering ones of the Lord's flock. It will be perceived at once by the reader, that those letters, or rather notes, were never intended for publication. They were written hastily, without premeditation, and as time permitted.

This dear girl (child indeed she might be called) was delicate in health from infancy

of a most amiable and affectionate disposition, remarkable for truthfulness, simplicity, and sincerity, loving and being beloved by all who knew her; very dear indeed is the memory of this affectionate girl. She was the light and joy of her home. From childhood she had an idea in her mind that an early death awaited her. A few extracts from papers found in her desk will not only shew some traits of the natural character, but also what is more important, the dawning of that light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

“As long as recollection will lead me back I remember having an instinctive feeling of honour and respect for any person who professed and acted like a Christian. Not that I was by any means a child of grace, for I committed great sins without any remarkable pricks of conscience, though at times they did come, and checked for a while my *wild and naughty ways*.

“*At that time I enjoyed the privilege of*

a teaching I never can forget. It was at the Sunday School. I loved my Sunday School Teacher with an indescribable feeling. I saw in her all I could imagine most beautiful and heavenly. I loved my Bible, not perhaps for its own beauties, but because she, 'my angel,' loved it. Yes, the feelings she inspired in my young heart, I can never forget, though now, thank God, I can see her as but a woman, a Christian, with all the Christian graces shining clearly out, and adorning her every thought and action. Yes, I love her now as ever, and my dearest hope is to meet her in my Father's and her Father's mansion. I learned much from her, more than I thought. I learned the Gospel in the head, and gradually the Spirit sowed it in my heart.

“ About this time it pleased God to afflict our family greatly. He saw fit to remove the fairest flower of our little flock. I was young then, and could not understand so deep a grief, but yet it made a great impression on my mind. I had never before seen death, cold death! And when bid by m

dear elder sister to kiss our lost one's forehead, the shock I felt when my warm lips touched the cold clay would be hard to describe. My feelings were perhaps those only which a highly sensitive child would experience, but night or day, that sensation never left me—never has. The Lord was working in His own way, His hand was on us in love. Yes, this affliction drew back at least one wandering heart." * * * * "Some years after, when I certainly cared for naught save this world and its follies, I was thrown into great distress of mind. I was nearly fifteen. I may live fifteen years more thought I, perhaps longer, but come it must. I must die! I wept half of every night. I was a delicate girl, and might die sooner. I was very sinful, of this I felt convinced, but what was to be done? *I could not pray.* I was most miserable." * * * "Gradually those feelings wore away, self-righteousness and pride crept in. These have ever been my *most besetting sins.* I recollect how good *I thought myself*—proud to a degree.

Highly caressed and flattered at school, and from constant illness, ever petted at home. Strange to say, those sicknesses, though severe, never served to point out to me my dangerous position." * * *

"Some time after this," she resumes, "we returned to St. John's Wood, and there regularly attended Mr. Fisk's ministry. I liked his preaching very much, and I trust it greatly benefited me. In the spring of 1852, a Confirmation was ordered. Mr. Fisk gave the candidates a series of preparatory lectures, and also questions to be answered in writing. I gave much time to preparing those answers, and searched the Scriptures unremittingly. This season was much blessed to my soul, and from it I think I rightly date the commencement of heart and life-influencing religion in me. And at times I experienced a peace till then unknown.

"We had been moving about from place to place for some time, and at last, in June, 1858, settled at Clifton. Scarcely had we

done so, when I was taken very ill. The Lord afflicted me, but it was in love. For some days my heart would not acknowledge the loving hand that was laid upon me, but gradually I began to feel such happiness in prayer, and in communion with my Heavenly Father, that I cannot express my feelings. Oh, the happiness of those hours! I suffered much in body, but I cared not—I never felt so happy. But there was one terrible trial. I thought I was dying; and oh! the agony of passing the valley of the shadow of death! Yet comfort was there for me.—Jesus was there! and I well remember the sensation I felt when able to cast all my remaining strength on Him.

“I rallied, and well may I think over that period, and say it was the happiest of my whole life time.”

The account of herself which this dear girl wrote ends here. But it appeared, *when her papers were examined after her death, that she was in the habit of recording*

her private thoughts from day to day ; a few extracts from those private thoughts will be laid before the reader, in the hope of doing good. They are simple, honest, and true ; their simplicity and truthfulness gives them value, they exhibit some of the ordinary difficulties which beset the children of God in their daily experience, and some may see their own cares and struggles reflected in them.

“ Sunday, Oct. 2.—Wandering thoughts disturbed me all Church time, yet at moments glimpses of sweet peace. I felt more my own unworthiness, but still *no prayer*, a mere repeating of words.

“ Sunday, Oct. 9.—Endeavoured to speak in prayer, but could not. I much fear there is something wrong with me, perhaps too much leaning on my own strength, not sufficient faith to cast myself entirely upon my Saviour.”

“ Monday, Oct. 10.—No great feeling of life within to-day, a sort of sleep sometimes comes over my soul.”

“ Tuesday, Oct. 11.—This morning

could pray: oh, the happy feeling that follows. Contending emotions during the day. Giving way to temptation. More peace towards evening, and with confidence drew near my Father's throne of grace."

"Monday 17.—This continued and eager desire after knowledge haunts me, and will not let me rest. It has the effect of making the "one thing needful" decrease in my mind. My whole affections seem concentrated on gaining knowledge. I have prayed with fervour for the Lord's grace to uphold me, and enable me to place this desire at its proper distance. My temper also has got the better of me several times this day, plainly shewing a want of spirituality and grace. My prayers seem unanswered, I much fear the fault lies with myself. O Lord, pour Thy Spirit into my heart!"

"Wednesday 26.—Arose this morning with renewed feelings of hope and joy—feeling, knowing that though an exceedingly sinful creature, yet I am accepted in my Saviour.

“The 8th chapter of Romans always makes my hope strong. Yet at times fears come over me, but prayer always gives me consolation. How I love to pray to God as *my Father!*”

“Friday, November 4.—No life at all within, a gloomy and rebellious spirit,—no prayer, no love, no joy.”

An attack of illness caused an interruption in her notes. On the 29th of January she resumed :

“For some days past a blessed peace has pervaded my heart. Prayer and Communion is sweet to my soul. I prayed earnestly and felt peace during Church time (not being able to go from illness). I read, and prayed, and wrote, feeling quite calm and serene; were it not for sin and Satan, I should be quite happy.” * * *

“Sunday, Feb. 5.—I believe that God will ever keep me near Him, though I may not always experience the sweetness of His presence. My heart expands in love to all around me, and gives me great concern for *their* spiritual welfare.

“ I never before felt religion as I do now, yet I am so worldly in thought.

“ Enabled, while reading the Morning Service, to enjoy much peace. An indescribable feeling that I am Christ’s, and although I may often be led into temptation, yet that nothing shall ever separate me wholly from my Saviour. My prayer was earnest for more faith and strength, and that the Lord would make me in some way instrumental in doing good to my relations and friends ; that they are not all Christ’s is my greatest grief and sorrow.”

“ Sunday 12.—The Lord’s day—felt the presence of Jesus, and was earnest in prayer, yet not such peace as a short week ago. Strange that our feelings should thus fluctuate, yet I feel a greater desire for communion with my heavenly Father this evening than I have for many days past * * * I cannot doubt but that I am God’s child, though a wandering and unsteady one, for religious *feeling is never wholly from my mind, and I long for Jesus, and for greater knowledge of*

Him. This must be the Spirit's work. It is not Satan who would lead me to pray."

"Sunday 19.—A blessed Sabbath!—enjoyed a sweet season of prayer and praise; I felt like a reconciled child, who has pleaded pardon from an indulgent parent, and now enjoys that parent's smile. O Lord, be near me; ever keep me as Thy own; under Thy shadow may I rest—

"Felt most peaceful at night."

"Tuesday, March 7.—Great cause for thankfulness to day—called upon to endure a little pain, and enabled to exercise patience—a day of sweet and peaceful thoughts—hours of happy heavenward feelings—deep gratitude, and cause for unbounded thankfulness—much self examination—slept in peace.

"Thursday, March 9.—Not so happy—sin gaining ground. I have not been sufficiently watchful and prayerful—too much leaning on self.

"It grieves me to find how worldly I am still in small matters. I can trace the roots of the most vile sins ready to show

up. I hope to pray in faith for more and more grace. The Christian's life is one continued fight, and it is only as Christ dwells in us that we conquer."

Many more extracts from those private thoughts might be given, but it is supposed that enough has been laid before the reader to shew :—

1. The value of the Sunday School, and what an amount of good a pious, judicious, and affectionate Teacher may be the means under God of effecting. The dear girl's own testimony goes to shew that she was not hereby turned to God, but the deep interest excited, the knowledge communicated, the feelings called into action, and all in the right direction, mark the immense importance of this preliminary work. Like the frame beneath which we place the tender seedlings destined to adorn our gardens in summer, so here the young spirit was shielded from adverse influences, while the higher principles of our *nature were developed* and cherished. This

preparatory influence must be acknowledged as a link in the chain of God's providence and grace.

2. To shew how important a season is that of Confirmation. If ordinances of divine appointment do not necessarily confer grace, much less those constructed by earthly hands, however good. It is not, however, to ordinances we look, whether human or divine, but to the preparedness of heart in those who partake in them, and the Spirit's blessing in them. Mr. Fisk availed himself of this auspicious season to draw out and guide the minds of those young candidates who attended his course of instruction, and one at all events (with the deep gratitude of her family be it recorded,) was led hereby to the feet of the Lord Jesus, the Saviour of sinners.

3. To shew what a variable thing is the human heart! What a combination of lights and shades, showers and sunshine, do those *brief extracts* present. They are true to *nature*, even to the renewed nature—yes,

such is Christianity in early life, and if thy hairs be grey, say, O believer, if it be not much the same with thee.

4. To shew the need of some more stable foundation than human frames and feelings can supply, even where grace and love is in the soul. The little one, who loves its parent, may twine its arms round her neck and seem to itself secure, yet is the parent's arm the true support; and so, because, "beneath are the everlasting arms," the soul is "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation." In what powerful and blessed contrast to all the ebbs and flows of feeling within stands out the rock of ages, "a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation, he that believeth shall not make haste."

There is one more good purpose to which those extracts may subserve, should they meet the eyes of some youthful servant of Christ. This dear girl had stated in some of her private thoughts how useful to herself she found it to write down her daily experience, while she was able to do so. It led her to

habits of close observation on all the movements of her mind—to much watchfulness concerning the beginning of evil, and to honesty of dealing between her soul and her Saviour.

Should any young disciple feel disposed to follow her example in this respect, a more *naive* and purely truthful example could hardly be presented. Such diaries are valuable only as they are honest and true—her nearest and dearest friend, her own sister, knew not of them until after her death, nor was any member of her family aware of the inward conflicts of that gentle spirit, until those papers revealed them. This was as it should be.

It is not needful to carry this brief memoir further, nor lift the veil which hides private sorrow from the public eye. Alas! scenes like these are but too common. Few there are who have not had occasion at some time to watch the wasting form, the drooping eye, and the fluttering pulse of those they loved.

If Christ be there, there will be peace and blessed hope, and in due time comfort too. All that remains is to account for the following letters.

She was visited by the writer of them at a time when her weakness on the one hand, and her anxiety to converse with him on the other, defeated the object by bringing on cough and hectic fever. The sole object of the visit was sought to be supplied by those letters now given to the public, at her own request, as they were, with only such verbal corrections as were absolutely necessary.

LETTERS.

—
No. I.

Tunbridge Wells,
March 30, 1855.

DEAR M——,

YOUR great weakness, while I was at Clifton, was such that I could not effect the object of my visit, which was to try if I could give you comfort and support—what I could not do at that time may be done perhaps in another way. I shall write a note to you occasionally, as time permits, and your dear sister will watch her opportunity, and read a few lines to you at a time as she sees you able to bear it.

I shall begin, dearest M——, with the very ground of our hope; nor suppose, because I do so, that I have any doubt on my mind of your practical acquaintance with it. I do so, first, because no one can be too

clear and distinct on such a subject. Secondly, because clearness here lies at the root of all solid peace and comfort. And, thirdly, because there are few subjects on which a believer feeds with so much joy and satisfaction as this.

You are well aware of one important fact. *We all inherit a fallen nature.* We are not, as God originally made our first parents, holy, happy, and in His own likeness. The pains you suffer are evidences of this in the body, while the imperfections, which we perceive to be blended with every thought, word, and work of ours, mark its influence on our minds. So that, however anxious we may be to act and think aright, we feel and know well, that in our own case at all events, we do not come up to the requirements of God's most holy law.

Our blessed Saviour shews what human nature ought to be, both in His own person, and in His Sermon on the Mount. Nor can we read the one, or think of the other, without *feeling*, if not *saying*, "Such am not I." The more indeed we think about it, the *more readily shall we agree in the experience*

of St. Paul, when he says, "When I would do good, evil is present within me," and again, "I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members." Such was Paul's experience. Such is mine, and such I am sure is yours; the statements are simple matters of fact.

But it may cross your mind, "Why did our Heavenly Father give us a law which we are incapable of fulfilling?" A short reply will do for this. This law was not given to us for the purpose of our becoming righteous under it,—nay, it was given for a very opposite purpose. It was given to teach us, and make us feel that we are unrighteous, poor unworthy sinners at best; to make us understand the need we have of something better than any performance of our own, however well intended our work may be. It was given to shut us out of our own righteousness, and to shut us into Christ and His righteousness, which all must admit is far better than our own.

Ask your sister to read for you *Numbers*

xxi. 4—9. Now in this historical fact observe—certain Israelites were stung by serpents; it was a death-inflicting wound. The “bit of brass” (as Hezekiah afterwards called it,) of itself had no power to heal. But God gave a promise, and according to that promise “every one that looked lived.” Yes, “*every one.*” Remember that precious word, and also, that it was God’s power and grace which healed the wounded, and *not the brass.*

Our blessed Saviour takes hold of this historical fact, and gives a general and most important application of it. (John iii. 14.) Carry this out in your thoughts.

I suppose the serpents represent Satan, and the venom sin, death follows it we know. The brazen serpent is usually thought to represent the sacrifice of Christ (though that piece of brass looks more like a dead enemy, than a living and almighty deliverer), at all events, looking to the serpent was for the Jew what looking to Christ is for us. They were healed—we are healed. What the grace and power of God did by the piece of *brass* for the body of the Israelite, looking to

Jesus does for the souls of believers. It heals them—spiritual life and health follow it. The believer *is saved*, not shall be at some indefinite period hereafter; but *now*, this moment is saved. We have the Lord's own word for this, "that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." Let us keep this great truth CLEAR in our hearts; we have the Lord's own promise for it, I have nothing stronger to give you, for He will never go back from His word. I may, but He will not, nor may not. Now, dear M——, the sacrifice, the atonement, the great work of Christ for us on the cross is *one work*, it stands alone in its fulness and perfection. Let us therefore be very careful not to mix any work by us, or in us with it.

True—a believer will try and do good, but the good he does cannot save him. Why? that good is my work for Christ; but it is Christ's work for me, not mine for Him, which saves me.

True—a believer will love Christ, pray and give thanks, but my love, or prayers, or thanks never bled, or died for me, and

therefore cannot save me. But Christ did, and does save me.

The only condition God put on the perishing Israelite was *look and live*. The only condition Christ puts on the poor sinner is *believe and live*. Conditions of man's devising only corrupt the simplicity of the gospel, and weaken its power.

Do you look to that full and most sufficient Saviour? Then rejoice, be thankful, fear not, for you are saved!

Ever yours,

T. F.

No. II.

April 1.

DEAR M——,

I avail myself of a leisure hour to send you a few lines, which your dear sister will have ready for you when you are able to have them read to you.

I want you now to have a clear view of

the following subject, “*For whom redemption was provided.*”

There is a great inclination in all persons to look in upon themselves for some personal qualification—for something in themselves which may entitle them to come to Christ for His mercy. Now it is quite true that a qualification is needful for every one of us, but I think we shall discover it to be of a nature very different from that which people usually propose to themselves.

Many things are good and useful in their proper places (and there is a place for every thing good,) yet, if we misplace them, they may happen to stand in our way, and thus become stumbling blocks, lets and hindrances, rather than helps.

Matth. viii. 11.—“For the Son of Man is come to save that which *was lost*”—also 1 Tim. i. 15. “Jesus Christ came into the world to *save sinners.*” Here are two qualifications. To be a sinner is one of them. To be lost is the other. Accordingly if I want a scriptural title to God’s mercies in Christ let me seek for it here. One or both of these will stand by me most in the way

of recommendation to Him. For such the Lord came and suffered. For such He died. He describes His own mission thus, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

It is a curious fact that people look almost always for something *good* to recommend them to Christ; their prayers, their alms, their good works, their church-going, or their merits of some kind or other; these come up unbidden perhaps to the mind, and by an imperceptible working thereof, are presented one by one, or in groups, as recommendations to Christ. But there are not many who rake up their sins, their irritable tempers, their cross and hasty words, impatience, coldness, neglect, and thousands of evils within and without, to lay at the feet of Christ when they say "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Naturally we think with some degree of complacency on what we feel to be comparatively good; and though we may not go so far as to say "God I thank thee that I am *not as other men are,*" yet without our *perceiving it always, our good things become evil to us, because they stand in our way.*

They intercept the flow of that feeling of self abasement, the broken and contrite spirit, the deep sense of our entire unworthiness, which is really and truly our strong and only ground of hope, when we would draw near and seek for the mercies of God in Christ.

The Pharisee went home to his house satisfied with himself; the publican dissatisfied;—we know the Lord's opinion of both. The leprous man (in Matt. viii. 1) comes nearer the mark for us, indeed it is a case in point for all. Perhaps he had been trying to heal himself and had failed. Perhaps others tried to do so for him and failed also, as they must needs do. At last—all leprous as he was—he came running to Christ with one short prayer, "If thou wilt, thou canst" the gracious answer was as short—"I can and will."

Could I prove myself to be righteous? then I need no Saviour at all. Could I prove myself to be nearly so? then should I prove that I am not the man Christ came to save, for He came to save the lost, the *sinner*.

Am I looking for good things to commen

me to His mercy ? then am I building up a barrier between myself and Him. But do I come to Him as a poor lost sinful creature ? the answer is prompt and most gracious —“ I died to save thee,” “ confide in Me and be at peace.” Rom. v. 1. “ Therefore being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

T. F.

No. III.

DEAR M——,

How very sweet are those words of our gracious Lord, who cannot lie, and will not deceive, as recorded in Luke xiii. 34, “ How often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not.” True—they would not, and so through their unbelief salvation is sent to us Gentiles. This gracious promise is now yours and mine ; we are now invited to come and nestle under *those wings of mercy and love*. When you

think of the weakness of the callow young, such indeed as that a falling leaf would overthrow it, of its liability to all manner of accident, one cannot but admire the beautiful instinct impressed upon this creature of God, whereby cherishing warmth, fostering protection, and most loving care, are brought to bear on the little chicken !

And is it not thus, exactly thus, our blessed Lord describes Himself to us ? not as arrayed in awful majesty, but under this most loving and affectionate of images. You perceive those sweet words are not addressed so much to the strong (if indeed any may be so called) as to the weak, nay, to the very weakest and most helpless, and the weaker and more helpless you find yourself to be, the more emphatically are they addressed to you.

Could we have saved ourselves, doubtless Christ would not have died for us. It is because we cannot do this for ourselves that He does it for us. And therefore it is that those words of life and hope are addressed to the weak, the feeble, and the otherwise helpless. The more we are conscious of our weakness and unworthiness, the more are we

warranted to lay hold on and to appropriate those gracious words. Nay, if we could but arrive at a consciousness of *perfect* weakness it would be exactly that which is wanted for *perfect* trust and confidence.

Suffer not your mind then, dear M. to dwell upon yourself except so far as it may help you to a strong feeling of your weakness, but try to keep it fixed on Him who is our strength. Is it not for the weak those wings are spread out, and the invitation given to come and find shelter and peace and comfort under them ?

Is not this to “dwell in the secret place of the Most High—to abide under the shadow of the Almighty ?”

Does not this explain what is meant by “carrying His lambs in His bosom, and gently leading those that are with young ?” Does it not shew the nearness of God’s little ones to Him, and how He regards them and loves them ?

Yet after all, our knowledge of our own *weakness and unworthiness* is so inadequate, *that is, it falls so far short of the truth, that our deepest sense of the one gives us but a*

glimpse of the other, I mean the "Love of Christ which passeth knowledge." But it will not be always so with us; there is a time of restitution coming, when the body, now the abode of sin and death, shall be redeemed as well as the soul; then we shall be able to understand the tenderness and greatness of His love to an extent impossible in this imperfect state. Yes—"when we wake up in His likeness we shall be satisfied with it" and be able to understand that love and gentleness which made us great.

Your affectionate

T. F.—

No. IV.

DEAR M—,

As the salvation of the poor weak unworthy sinner is wholly and entirely of Christ, so also the exaltation and glory which are laid up for those who trust in and love the Lord, flow entirely from Christ, and not at all from believers themselves. It is tru

there is a reward for sufferings endured and work done for Christ, which shall be given and enjoyed during the thousand years of "the kingdom," in which I doubt not you will have your portion. The greater part of the believer's glory is that which lies beyond, when the kingdom shall have been given up to the Father. Both are glorious beyond conception, and both may well be kept in mind.

Bodily weakness and suffering is the cross which the Lord has selected for you to bear *for Him*. It is not one of your own choosing. He has appointed it for you, and in bearing it *patiently* you are suffering for Him as truly as if He had called you to witness for Him at the stake. Recognising the Lord's appointment in ordinary as well as in extraordinary suffering and bearing it patiently, is perhaps, our most acceptable work. We can thus "fill up the measure of our sufferings" for Christ, as well as St. Paul, and no doubt will receive such a reward as shall make our "light affliction not worthy to be compared *with the exceeding and eternal weight of glory.*"

The glory of the Lord's people arises, but in small part, from their sufferings and works for Him, however good and acceptable those fruits of faith may be. The true foundation of it lies in their *union with the Lord Jesus*, as being members of that body of which He is the head. It is because He is one with them, and they one with Him.

Your sister will read for you Revelation, 4th Chap., verse 6th to the end. Think of those four beasts (living creatures they should have been called), how exalted is their nature, how high their position, how great their dignity—"round about the Throne, and in the midst of it!"—they seem to be *almost divine*. Some indeed think they are emblems of the divine nature, others suppose they represent the highest order of angels. Neither of these suppositions can be correct. No angel can join in the song, (Chap. v. 8, 9,) which they sing, "Thou hast redeemed us with Thy blood." They are redeemed sinners, purchased by the blood of Christ. They were once poor weak creatures like ourselves, brought up there to that amazing exaltation and glory by th

Lord Jesus, redeemed man in union with his glorious head. Our works, merits, righteousness, or sufferings could never bring us up there. No, no, our "filthy rags" could never place us, or any one of Adam's race, in such a position. Nothing could do that but the righteousness and merits of Christ, and *our union with Him*: the prayer of Christ for His people, in John xvii. 20—24, alone can explain this, and it does so. Can any exaltation be too great for Christ, the Son of God, to whom every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, in earth, and under the earth, whom all creation shall acknowledge LORD, to the glory of God the Father? And if Christ, our head, be thus exalted, as is His just right and due, where shall His body, His spouse, His people be, but *with Him*? "That where I am, there ye may be also." This explains it all!

And now a poor, humble soul whispers in faltering accents to the ear of one who always hears, "Lord, I am weak, I have no strength, no righteousness, nothing to offer Thee—take my fainting spirit, wash it in Thy blood, *save it and keep it*, for I cannot; do with me

as shall seem good to Thee,"—yes, dear M——, let such be your earnest prayer, and what is written above is the answer God will give to it—ah! one hour *there* is worth a life of weakness and suffering *here*. Nor can we doubt but that the love of Him who suffered and died for us, and who is now exalted to God's right hand, to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and remission of sins to His people, will effect it all, even for the weakest of His dear children.

Ever yours,

T. F.

No. V.

DEAR M——,

Our Saviour says, "Can the children of the bridechamber mourn as long as the bridegroom is with them?" Of course they cannot, because his presence gives them joy. But "when the bridegroom shall be taken away from them, then shall they fast," this is natural and true.

In some sense, this whole dispensation is one of sorrowing to the true people of God, especially when the light of the Lord's countenance is hid from them, that is, when they are not conscious of His presence with them. Such periods are very common in the sick chamber, where bodily weakness, and what so generally goes along with it, depression of mind, make them to be felt with peculiar force. At such times we greatly need to remember David's experience, "It is mine own infirmity." We are liable to changes, happily for us our God is not—"I, the Lord, change not," "whom He loveth, He loveth unto the end." And this very unchangeableness in God is true comfort to the drooping and oppressed believer. Our weak, imperfect nature sends up clouds of doubts and fears, which, as earthly vapours dim the clear blue sky, and shut out the sunshine from us, cast a damp and gloom over the soul within. It is well then to remember that such are low earthly mists, and that, however chilling and uncomfortable they may be, our sun of righteousness shines above

them as brightly as ever, which indeed we know to be the case when a breath of mercy blows those clouds aside.

In case you should be troubled in this way, dear M——, remember,

1. That Satan will unquestionably infuse doubts of the Saviour's love into your mind, if he be permitted so to do. And God does sometimes permit this in order to call into exercise our faith and love to Him, which, like all other things, are strengthened by exercise. So that even Satan's malice turns to good under the Lord's blessing.

2. That God is faithful, whether we have a present sense of it or not. His character for faithfulness and truth does not depend on any perception I may or may not have of it, at any given moment: He is so in Himself essentially, and cannot be otherwise.

3. That any love we may possess to Him, however weak it may be at times, is yet a reflexion, though it be but a feeble one, of His love to us—"we love Him, because He first loved us"—even the smallest amount of love to God, through Christ, is by the Spirit,

for the "works of the Spirit are love, joy, peace."

Fear, doubt, distrust, and such like are not numbered among the works of the Spirit, because they are not His work, but are of the earth, earthly. They are damp vapours, which obscure the light and joy of simple trust in the Lord Jesus.

4. And remember, lastly, that the fulness of joy cannot be until *the bridegroom return*. "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you,"—"Heaviness may endure for a night" (and this is our night of weeping), "but joy cometh in the morning." Hence the ardent prayer of the Church, "Come, Lord Jesus." The shades of night then shall fly away—the night of mourning shall have passed, never to return—suffering and sorrow shall be at an end, and all our tears (and with them all remaining doubts and fears,) wiped away by the very hand of love itself. Is it any wonder all the Lord's people should repeat the word, yea, and have it ever on their hearts, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus"?

Ever yours, T. F.

No. VI.

DEAR M——,

A very precious word of our blessed Saviour's is this "Come unto Me!" A word not heeded indeed by the gay, *the healthy*, or the worldly; but sounding calm and sweet in the ears of the languid, the weary, and the afflicted.

We may well go to Him when we think how He came from heaven to us. He who was rich for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich. And especially are we encouraged to do so, when we remember that when He was on earth He went not to kings or nobles, in their wealth or pomp, but to the sorrowful and afflicted. The weeping mother of Nain followed the bier of her last hope, and Christ was there to bind up the broken-hearted. The family of Bethany were in deep trial, but the little message, "He whom Thou lovest is sick," soon brought an Almighty Friend to their side, and all was peace.

Even poor Bartimeus could not raise his voice unheard, or have his prayer unanswered. The only question is, are we "weary and heavy-laden?" if so, then are we especially invited;—all are, but the weary especially.

For what then are we to come to Him? Remember, in Him all fulness dwells, and out of His fulness all we receive. He possesses all things,—He cannot be exhausted, and accordingly, we may go to Him for everything.

I think of the past,—sins and follies arise thick and threatening,—but when I go to Him, and lay them all before His feet in humble confession, a blood-stained hand passes over the record of them, and *they are gone!*

"I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins."

Are we weak? Yes, the bruised reed is not weaker, but Christ will not break it, nor quench the smoking flax. "To them that have no might He increaseth strength." And even when the bruised reed is too

strong a thing to express our weakness, is it not written, "beneath are the Everlasting Arms?" Blessed is the consciousness of that weakness, which places the soul there; for if none can prevail to pluck out of that Hand, who shall wrench it away when those Arms are folded around it?

Do you want righteousness? Is not His very Name "the Lord our righteousness?" He is made that to all His people, to the weakest just as well as to the strongest. Our poor soiled garments are not to be thought of in comparison with the beautiful spotless robe which He so freely bestows. See in Ezekiel xvi.—"Thy fame went forth among the heathen for thy beauty, for *it was perfect*, THROUGH MY COMELINESS WHICH I PUT UPON THEE." Think then of any or of every want for time or for eternity, all are freely, fully, abundantly provided for in Him. So that having Him, though we have nothing else, yet do we really possess all things.

Go then, to Christ, dear M——, with every want, nay, with every wish and thought; the weaker, or the more weary, the

more welcome: and be sure you keep in mind continually, that which principally, or rather altogether, brought our blessed Saviour down to us,—that which He came especially to do—the great object of His mission—that “pleasure of the Lord which is sure to prosper in His hands, and what He will therefore most assuredly accomplish.

“He came into the world to save sinners.”

T. F.

No. VII.

DEAR M——,

In the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, chap. iv. 17, the Apostle Paul speaks of “our light affliction.” Yet Paul himself suffered much. The Lord said they were “great things” which he should suffer, but St. Paul called them “light.”

Light and heavy are comparative terms, a thing may be heavy intrinsically, while at the same time it may be light as compared with some other thing which is much heavier. So here he considers all his afflictions in the

body (heavy though they were in themselves) as lightness itself when compared with the weight of glory which was to follow. The mark of the prize of our high calling was before him; the crown which the Lord will bestow on all His faithful people was full in his view, and this glorious hope came with such a fulness of comfort to him, that present sufferings, however great, lost much of their poignancy by reason of what was so soon to follow. Yes, Paul might count his sufferings by days, hours, minutes, seconds if you will. Each minute gone by made one the less to be endured. Time has an end; and that individual minute must come which shall be the last of all suffering; after that there can be no more of sorrow to the believer, and what remains?—the weight, the eternal weight of glory, which cannot be exhausted, though we count by centuries instead of seconds!

Now is your period of suffering; it presses heavily upon you, so that sometimes perhaps you cannot look up, nor say, Lord give me patience—give me Thine inward grace—uphold and keep me for I have no strength.

The days and hours pass slowly and heavily along, yet they do pass, and will not return; and those which the Lord may yet appoint for you will also resolve themselves into the past, while every such day and hour brings you nearer to the crown. Paul kept this before his eyes, and it helped him; may not the same help you, dear M——?

One of the reasons why our Lord went away from His people was that He might prepare a place for them. Surely it must be a good and a pleasant place when we see Christ Himself taking such pains and trouble to make it nice and good. Paradise with all its blessings can be but earthly and poor in comparison, yet this is a part of the promised glory. Think, again, of the body He will bestow upon us—not a poor tenement of sin and death, but one like unto His own glorious body—one in which with renovated powers of mind, quickness of perception and unlimited knowledge, we shall be able to enjoy the rich blessings of that glory; no sin in it, and therefore no sorrow. Think again of the companions we shall have; those whom we knew and loved on earth, who also

knew and loved our blessed Master, they will be there, some to receive and welcome us, some whom we shall receive and welcome to the general assembly of the church of the first-born—the spirits of the just made perfect—an innumerable company of holy and happy angels, all united together by an intensity of love and kindness to each and all, which now we cannot imagine.

But there is one thing above all—the Lord Himself is there, and will be there for ever, we shall see Him as He is, yes, that very countenance which infuses life and joy into every heart, and which shall smile on you dear M——, as He wipes away with His own hand all trace of sorrow—yes, you shall see Him and say the affliction was indeed light which led me to His feet here, and to His bosom hereafter. Imperfect as is our view seen through a glass darkly, is it not inexpressibly glorious? a weight of glory! a fulness of joy increasing with our increasing capabilities, not terminating as our light afflictions do, but eternal, knowing neither diminution nor end.

Thoughts like these helped Paul through his afflictions and trials. I trust they may help you also.

T. F.

No. VIII.

DEAR M——,

The portion of divine truth which occurs to me this moment is Jeremiah xxxi. 3, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee."

Here is a happy subject for meditation. Our love to God is like ourselves weak and variable; it rises and falls, ebbs and flows with our state and feeling and is so acted upon by outward things, that we cannot but feel how insecure a tenure we should have of life and of all the blessings of the kingdom, were it to depend on our love to God: thanks be to Him, it is not so. Our hope rests not on our variable love to Him; but on His unchanging love to us, and herein is security as well as comfort.

Even in Jeremiah's time this was no new truth, it was "of old." It had for its stability the very nature and character of God Himself. His thoughts and purposes are all founded in infinite wisdom, and carried out in infinite love; they are, therefore, unchangeable and liable to no variation, because He is so Himself. With us plans and purposes have a beginning, our minds are finite and imperfect, the result is, unforeseen circumstances frequently arise, which oblige us to change them; but it is not so with the plans and purposes of Almighty God. The love of Christ for His people is strictly and truly everlasting. Could a time be pointed out when He began to love His people, then a time might be imagined when He should cease to love them—this cannot be done.

In time, the world we live in was called into existence. It was the developement of an eternal thought in God. In time, poor sinners now living upon it, are awakened and called out, and they begin to love Him with all the variableness of an imperfect nature. But what is their love to Him, but the evidence in time of an eternal and most gracious thought.

in our God, of a purpose which was purposed in Christ before the world was? The development of this eternal purpose is beautifully shewn in the text, "therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee," yes—to think of Me—to know a little of Me—to experience a little of My goodness and love! On this account it was that you were awakened, made to feel your own sin and weakness, led to the feet of the Redeemer, enabled to receive Him as your hope, and made to reject every other ground of trust or confidence. The awakening thought was lovingkindness, though you did not then know it; the feeling and knowledge which made you dissatisfied with yourself was lovingkindness, though you did not then perceive it; every step, by which you advanced in knowledge and grew in grace, was the same. Nay, this very sickness, which now presses so heavily, you will be able to trace to the self same cause, though now you cannot. All—all are steps in the development of God's wondrous love.

Do not stop here, however, as though *God's love terminated* at this point. Blessed *thought!*—it will remain the same in the

eternity which is to come, as in that which is passed, if I may so speak, with this difference, that, whereas, we had no understanding of the past, and very imperfect of the present, every succeeding day of the eternity to come (if it be measured by days,) will present to us a more full and blessed experience of that love, in a growth and expansion thereof in us, which knows no end.

Perhaps, dear M——, those thoughts may be too hard for you to grapple with in your present exhausted state—yet, if you can lay hold on some of them, they will give what you must needs want—strong consolation and good hope through Christ. Try the text at all events, for it is God's own word to sustain the soul.

T. F.

No. IX.

DEAR M——,

A week of much work and fatigue *has created an unwilling gap in my notes, but now I resume my pen.*

Your dear sister will read to you Isaiah lv. 1, 2, 3, and we will meditate a little on those precious words.

There is a thirst implanted in our very hearts for something better than anything we have ever tasted, and our gracious Father would inform us how, and by what that thirst is to be gratified. The waters of life alone can satisfy the desire of the awakened soul. Of this our Saviour tells the woman of Samaria, and on another occasion publicly to the Jews, when He said, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink," and so it appears, that which alone can fill and satisfy the soul, flows from Christ Himself.

Our first and very natural feeling is our unworthiness to taste of such. While this is quite true, observe, the Lord, who knows it well, says not one word on our worthiness or unworthiness. If our state, in this respect, forms no part of His consideration in giving so gracious an invitation, surely, it is not for us to make an objection on that account. Nay, in the beautiful passage just read to you, the Lord takes the lowest case imaginable—*one, who has nothing to bring, nothing to*

pay, even such are freely invited to come and buy (after His mode of dealing,) the nourishing milk, and the refreshing wine of His gospel.

Then look at what the Lord covenants to give, "The sure mercies of David,"—you know the son of Jesse was dead when this was written—the David here is Ben-David, that is, our Lord Jesus Christ; they are Christ's mercies which God sells to the poor hungry and thirsty soul, and sells for nothing too, that is, they are freely given.

And what are those mercies?

All the rich and precious blessings Jesus died to procure! Who can count the number of them? Let us think of some at least.

First, then, there is the blotting out of our sins—yes, of all of them! Not one left to trouble, to condemn, or even to rise up in judgment against us. What! my impatience, fretfulness, murmurings at my Lord's dealings with me during my hours of illness; are these all blotted out, as well as those things I can look back upon, which filled my years of thoughtless unconcern? Yes, even so—*all* includes every one of them. Trust in Jesus

removes all, it takes away the sins of early youth, as well as those of yesterday and to-day. Why should we hide any from Him, who only waits for us to lay them at His feet, in order to blot them out for ever? I say, let this blessed truth lie deep in the foundation of your peace and joy.

But again—Christ unites His believing and confiding people to Himself. They are even now members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones—the figure is very strong, the whole assembly of believers is represented as making up the body of the Lord! Will Christ mutilate Himself, or suffer any of His true members to be removed? Assuredly He will not. His whole body shall be with Him, and He is *in* and with them by means of a wonderful union, which we cannot yet understand, yet is it most important to believe, for it is this very fact which secures the future exaltation and glory of the true Church.

If Christ be our head, and we His members, then indeed do we share in His exaltation and glory—think of this, and look forward!

But once more. He gives us *Himself*, this

is more than all the rest, if we could but get hold of such a blessed thought.

King David had some notion of it: "Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and what is there on earth which I desire in comparison of Thee?" Yes, dear M——, God's gifts are great, but He Himself is greater; if the blessings which He has purchased with His blood are more than we can imagine, what must it be if He give us Himself? To behold Him whom our soul loveth—to be near Him—with Him—to have His smile upon us—to know that we are safe in Him—safe for ever—no more fear of falling—so safe that though this earth, and the things of it, be burnt up, not so much as the smell of fire shall pass upon us, and that in the mighty events which shall fill up the yet more mighty eternity to come, nothing shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord: this is indeed wonderful—this is a salvation worthy of the giver.

Such are some of the mercies of David, and God himself calls them "sure;" we must not forget this. Our heavenly Father

gave our first parent Adam life, and this life was in Adam's own keeping—but though created perfect, you know how soon he lost it: were God now to put the new life which He bestows in our keeping, we should lose it even sooner. Accordingly He does not give to us to lose, but to Christ to keep for us, where it is indeed sure and safe. His covenant is not with you or me, but with Christ our Head, and so our life is said to be “hid with Christ in God.” The promises flow to us through Christ, they are made to Him.... “all the promises are, yea and Amen in Christ.” Why is this? That they may be sure to all the seed, the weakest as well as the strongest, and hence they are called “the sure mercies of David.”

As you are able, dear M——, feed on these things. I write them to strengthen your hope and increase your joy in believing, and that you may long for the frail barrier of mortality to be put aside, that you may enter into the blessed realities which the mercies of David secure to the children of God

Ever yours, T. F.

No. X.

DEAR M——,

I met a part of a verse this morning, which you may find suitable to your own case. See Numbers xxi. 4, "and the soul of the people was much discouraged, because of the way."

Yes, it was rough, difficult, and very hard to keep on in it. They might have thought in their hearts after this manner, "If the Almighty loved His people, would He lead them in such a path? Would He not rather make the crooked places straight, and the rough places smooth for them?" And thus painful misgivings might very naturally arise. Nevertheless God had a great body of faithful ones among those whom He was thus leading. Most truly also did He love them, and most certain was His purpose of giving them rest in due time, yet such was the way in which infinite love and infinite wisdom thought fit to act. It was to humble them, and to prove them. The labour and difficulty of that "way" made the repose of Palestine the

more sweet. It was a trial of their faith more precious in the sight of God than that of gold which perisheth. It was the Cross before the Crown!

And so, dear girl, your path is now a weary one, and, peradventure, your soul is sometimes discouraged. Can I be an heir of His kingdom, can God indeed love me, and yet thus deal with me?

Remember, God's faithfulness stands out above all things. However dark His providence, even though He shroud His footsteps in the storm, yet is this true, "whom He loveth He loveth unto the end," and "It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom," and, therefore, He says, "fear not, little flock."

Remember how of old faithful men were sawn asunder, not accepting deliverance, upheld by the strong hope of a better resurrection; and how many faithful ones were conveyed to His presence in a shroud of flames, more glorious than Elijah's chariot!

Our God, for His own wise purposes, has *placed this cup of temporal suffering in your hands. He counts every drop of bitterness*

which falls into it, and each one, as it falls, makes one the less to be endured. Hold on, yea, hold on, there is a drop coming which shall be the last, and then *no more for ever!*

Whose hand will then wipe away all trace of tears? Whose smile will then be more than compensation for all?

Now is your hour of strife. Striving for the mastery—striving to endure with patience what He appoints. Keep the crown in view—do not look back—*look forward*. If you must count the days and hours, do so, but *look forward*. To look thus to the rest and to the crown, is a help God provides for such a time as yours is now. His Spirit will help your infirmities. He is the Comforter. “My grace is sufficient for thee,” says the Saviour. Our God knows all our need, and will supply it out of the fulness of Christ.

May the gracious Lord sustain and support you, when your spirit faints, or is discouraged, “because of the way.”

Your affectionate,

T. F.

No. XI.

So, dear M——, the fear of death has fallen upon you !

I am not at all surprised at this, it is quite natural, it is one of the strong instincts of our nature, which, for wise purposes, has been woven into the very constitution of our being, and is, therefore, usually called the first law of nature. It would be rather matter of surprise if you were free from it. Nevertheless, we are not without something to help you under the pressure of it.

Bear in mind, then, first of all, that “the sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law.” Now, thanks be to our gracious Lord, you are delivered from both of these ; nor is there any condemnation for you, because you trust in Jesus, and you love Him who effected this great deliverance for you by His own death—hence the second death (that which is death indeed,) has no *claim on you, and by simple trust in the Beloved, you can lay hold on these sweet*

words of His, "Because I live, ye shall live also." Nay, the souls of all God's dear children are bound up in the very bundle of life with Him who is their head. We can form no idea of greater safety than this. Our life is as sure as that of Christ Himself—nay—identified with it.

Where are your sins? I can answer, they are blotted out. They may be sought for by the accuser of the brethren, but they cannot be found. Why? because the blood-stained hand of Christ has passed over the record of them, and they are gone!—"As far as the east is from the west" (points which can never meet) "so far hath He removed our transgressions from us."

Where is the fear of judgment? That is gone also,—for it is written, "They shall never come into condemnation, but HAVE PASSED from death unto life." Thus, dear M—, that which is really to be feared is removed, sin and judgment—and what remains? The natural instinct of the flesh, and now we shall look for something to help us in this.

First, then, are you not sure that the low

the goodness, and the care of our God will continue with you? "Whom He loveth He loveth unto the end!" "where He begins a good work He will perform it unto the day of Christ." He who has been gracious to you hitherto will continue to be so; we are variable, but He changes not.

Is there not some help in this?

Again—"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." Yes, if there be a time more than any other time when His eye will be fixed upon them, it will be at the very time you fear. "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." And think of this "When I pass through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, *because Thou art with me.*" What a promise! and it was written that "we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope."

The Lord who has supported you through many a painful day and night already, will *not fail you in this*, be assured of it.

Once more—a very sweet name is given to *what you fear*, "to fall asleep." By far the

greater portion of the pains of death *you have already passed*. What if He cause something like sleep to fall upon you and steal away your spirit without your knowing anything about it, except to awake in the blessed consciousness that what you feared you never met, or knew anything about, but that you awoke and found yourself in the presence of Him "where is the fulness of joy and life for evermore." I am persuaded dear M——, you would be willing to go back and die again, that you might once more experience the joy of such an awakening.

Some time ago I was sitting beside one of God's dear people in this place, who was passing through terrible bodily sufferings. Our previous conversation led me to remark that she was then passing through the dark valley; with indescribable animation she replied, "It is not dark to me!" And on another occasion, after a period of great exhaustion, when able to speak she said, "Oh, Mr. F——, to be at the very gate, and to be sent back again!"

The fear of death was taken away here.

and will be taken away from you in due time, fear not.

Your affectionate,

T. F.

XII.

DEAR M——,

To continue the subject of my last note, I will send you a sweet little text: "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."

If the Lord's dear children had no cares, this comforting invitation would not have been given. And yet though such an invitation lies before them, they are tempted at times to think that they are overlooked, and that God has forgotten them.

Were our God a finite being like ourselves, we might well suppose that in the multitude of objects before Him, this might be the case. But He is not so. He is infinite in His very nature, as He also is, and indeed must be, in His sweet attributes of love, mercy, and grace; thus the mysterious

and to us incomprehensible infinity of the Divine nature denies the possibility of any of His creatures being overlooked or forgotten.

Can you suppose for a moment that He who constructed the legs and wings of a little insect, will overlook one for whom Christ died? Do not permit such a thought to rest in your mind for a moment. One who knows more than any of us, says, a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His knowledge; that the very hairs of our heads are numbered; and He concludes by saying, "Fear not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows." These are Christ's own words, and can we doubt His faithfulness? Judah was thus tempted, when "Zion said, The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me." Your dear sister will read for you the Lord's indignant, yet most gracious reply, in Isaiah xlix. 15. When your heart trembles and fears, remember, dear M——, it is your own infirmity, our Sun of righteousness, (as I believe I said before) is as bright above the dark cloud as ever He was, unchangeably the same, though some earthly exhalation may hide His bright face from us.

This fear of the pang of death is now a care to you. Then does our gracious Master invite you to bring it to Him, nay, to cast it upon Him.

When the fear presses upon you, do you keep close to Him. Ask Him to help you, and if it be not His will to remove it altogether, he will enable you to bear it for His own dear sake. He endured a greater load for you, for He bore your sins in His own body on the tree and for the joy that was set before Him (part of that joy was *saving you*) endured the cross, despising the shame. Who can tell, dear M——, but that He may be pleased to help you off with this burden altogether?

I mentioned to you that this fear is a part of our nature. The more you *look at it*, the worse it will become; but as the Lord's Holy Spirit enables you to look *beyond it* at the glory which shall be revealed in us, at the inheritance, but especially at *the Lord Christ Himself*, I am convinced you will meet a help which will assist you through this and every *other difficulty*.

Think again that in this you are sharing

Christ's own personal trials, for of Him it was written, "The fear of death hath fallen upon Me, and an horrible dread hath overwhelmed Me." Ah, dear M——, it was dark to Him, for He was enduring the curse due to you and me. Wrath was upon Him, that light and blessing and peace might be with you.

Yes, He careth for you, then may you fully trust Him in this matter as you do in other and greater things.

He will either smooth your path, or else give you grace and strength to triumph. You shall be more than conqueror through Him who loved, and shall never cease to love you. Leaning on the arm of the beloved, what have you to fear? "My grace is sufficient for thee," "My strength is made perfect in weakness." St. Paul rejoiced in His infirmities, that the power of Christ might rest upon him; so may it be with you, dear M——. The instinct of nature is strong, but the love of Christ and the power of hope through His all-sufficient grace is stronger: cast then this care upon Him. He would

have you feel how weak you are, that you may know how strong He is.

Your affectionate,

T. F.

No more letters were written, because no more were required. The last letter arrived and was read to her on the morning of the day she entered into rest. It cannot be said with certainty that the instinctive dread of dissolution was entirely removed: no trace of it was visible at the close; and she retained her senses to a very short period before her change, when, without a sigh or a struggle, she slept in the Lord.

Communion with her God and Saviour in Prayer was the strongly marked characteristic of the renewed nature within. It may be truly gathered from her "private thoughts," that herein she lived, and moved, and had her being.

Her sister does not know whether the *following* beautiful hymn or prayer be her *own composition* or not. It was found in *her own handwriting* among her papers, and

is given here, because it is indeed a reflexion, and a pleasing one, of the mind of our dear departed one :—

PRAYER.

The privilege I greatly prize,
Of casting all my care on Him,—
The mighty God—the only wise,
Who reigns in heaven and earth supreme.

How sweet to be allow'd to call
The God whom heaven adores, *my Friend*;
To tell my thoughts, to tell Him all,—
And then to know my prayers ascend !

Yes, they ascend,—the feeblest cry
Has wings that bear it to His throne ;
The prayer of faith ascends the sky,
And brings a gracious answer down.

Then let me banish anxious care,
Confiding in my Father's love ;
To Him make known my wants in prayer,
Prepared His answer to approve.

My Father's wisdom cannot err,
His love no change nor failure knows ;
Be mine, His counsel to prefer,
And acquiesce in all He does.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED BY
WERTHEIM AND MACINTOSH,
24, PATERNOSTER ROW.

The Living Epistle ; or, Some Passages from the Life and last Illness of Mrs. Joseph Tanner. With Portrait. 2s.

"I cannot but believe that it will prove, with God's blessing, a channel of reviving grace and consolation to many a sympathizing sufferer."—*Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, in Preface.*

Memorials of a Beloved Mother ; being a Sketch of the Life of Mrs. Cooper, Sister of the late Rev. EDWARD BICKERSTETH. By the Author of the "Memoir of John Lang Bickersteth." 4s.

"The readers of this Memoir will find much to edify and much to encourage; much to demonstrate what the religion of the Bible is, and what it can effect; what are its motives to action, and what are its superabounding consolations."—*Record.*

"A valuable addition to our female biography."
—*British Banner.*

The Village Astronomer ; or the Kalendar Man of Veitsberg. By the Author of "Anna, the Leech Vendor." Second Edition, Price 3s.

"It is difficult whether to admire most the simple beauty of the original construction, or the exceeding gracefulness with which the story is rendered into English."—*The Critic.*

Israel Hartmann, as Youth, Husband, and Orphan School Master. A Biography, from his Diary and Letters. With Preface by the Rev. ROBERT BICKERSTETH, M.A., Rector of St. Giles's. 2s. 6d.

The Trial of Faith ; or the Brickmaker's Daughter. A brief Memoir of Jane Smith. By the Rev. JAMES JERRAM, M.A. Second Edition, 1s.

“ Chosen in the furnace of affliction.”

Emma ; or, a Mother's Prayers. Translated from the French. 2s. 6d.

Christian Duties in the Closet. By the Rev. ROBERT MEEK, Rector of Sutton Bonnington, Notts. 2s. 6d.

Also, by the same Author, price 2s. 6d.,

The Time of Affliction.

“ Devout, evangelical, judicious.”—*Christian Times.*

“ This charming little book will be received, wherever it is introduced in the circles of sorrow, as an alleviation beyond all praise.”—*Cheltenham Paper.*

An Invalid's Pastime : an Offering to the Weeping and the Weary. 4s.

Scripture Portions ; with Prayers for Invalids. By ELIZABETH MARIA LLOYD. 1s. in stiff covers ; or 1s. 6d. in cloth.

The Sick Room ; or, Meditations and Prayers, in the simplest form, for the use of Sick Persons. Specially adapted for Patients in Hospitals. By G. W. MYLNE. Second Edition. 12mo. Very large type. 6d.

By the same Author,

“*Fear Not !*” In cloth, 6d. ; or in paper cover, 3d.

“It has been the Author’s aim to show that Gospel comforts must be the results of Gospel faith ; and that Christian experience must go hand in hand with Christian doctrine and Christian grace.”—*Preface.*

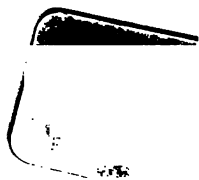
A Pocket Companion for a Pilgrim, through the Brief Space of Life to the Grand Consummation of all our Hopes. 1s.

“The extracts are arranged as a short daily portion for three months, and breathe in every part the fragrance of deep, simple, Gospel Truth.”—*British Banner.*

Helps and Hints for Bible Readers : being Practical Comments on some of the most remarkable Passages in the New Testament. By the Rev. NICHOLAS J. MOODY, M.A. 3s.6d.

“*Our Father ;*” or, Jesus Teaching to Pray. An Exposition of the Lord’s Prayer. By the Rev. SAMUEL GARRATT, Minister of *Trinity Church, Lincoln’s-inn-fields.* Author of “*Dawn of Life,*” “*Scripture Symbolism,*” &c. 2s. 6d.





1

